

AUSTRIANS LEAVE 14,600 DEAD ON THE BATTLEFIELD

(Continued from Page One.)

the name of Belgium is the word itself that could be uttered upon civilized men."

TURKISH MINISTER TELLS WHY TROOPS ARE CALLED

By Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—The object of the mobilization of Turkey's troops was described in a statement today by the Turkish ambassador.

"The Turkish mobilization which started a month ago and not right away, is yesterday's telegram might make one think has brought us across the 2000-mile front mentioned in the same dispatches, but probably not."

"This operation is not meant to draw Turkey to attack Greece, nor interfere with Greece being the smallest of her neighbors today, she has to prepare in view of other and much more important contingencies."

NEW YORK HEARS THAT

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—How Jones & Co. today passed the following on their news telegraph:

"London Unconfirmed reports are current there that Turkey's hand is hard, was on Kars. Communication with Constantinople has been cut off for three days and the Turkish ambassador stated that he had no way of telling when he would hear from his government again."

BIRMINGHAM PROTESTS

Increased Freight Rates on Coal Is Vigorously Opposed.

There has been no event in the Birmingham district during the past few years which has so disturbed the industry as the proposed raise in coal rates. That the proposed raise in the railroads, dictated by the state commission will cost this district 1,593,000 tons of coal per year in the opinion of the best informed coal men of the district. The production in the districts last season exceeded 17,000,000 tons per annum, and if from that amount the railroads by the proposed rates come to be cut off 1,590,000 tons, it will be a severe blow to the industry.

The increase asked by the eastern lines two years ago was for a percent. After two years' study the Interstate Commerce Commission granted an increase of that amount in a very few cases, but some increases in all rates asked covering this country almost like a blanket.

The Alabama lines, however, do not want cents. They do want 34 1/4 cent extra into Birmingham from all railroads. This will mean a tremendous increase to all shippers of coal in the Birmingham district. On top of that increase the railroads propose to raise the rates 15 cents to New Orleans. They want to increase the rate 15 cents to every Mississippi point and a like amount to Memphis effective January 1.

BURLESQUE SEASON OPENS

City Sports Company First of Several

Troupes to Visit Johnson.

A party of burlesque performers, nearly all from Boston, in the "City Sports" company, the first of the sets of weekly wheel shows that Miss of Robbins is staging. The company was a huge one, there being 20 girls in the chorus and a large cast of principals.

It was the first burlesque company that ever appeared here and the show pleased those who attended. It delighted somewhat, because the season is early and the rough edges haven't worn off yet.

Gerry Kohler, the principal comedian, and Duke Howard, who did a few short dances, were the most popular of the principals, though all were well-liked.

The "City Sports" is the first of a series of what burlesque shows which will start here on Tuesday, 32 weeks. The "other" "blouses" are booked for next Tuesday.

NEW WAGE SCALE

12,000 Hocking Miners Affected by Two-Year Agreement.

About 12,000 miners are affected by a new two-year contract agreed to by miners and operators in the Hocking district. The scale is based on the rate of 17 and 67 cents a ton respectively for machine and pick-mined coal. Operations in the district will be resumed at once.

This contract gives to engineers and foremen an eight-day and a minimum wage of \$2.62 a day. This is an increase of 22 cents a day and shorter hours for the engineers and foremen. The minimum wage for motor trip miners was fixed at \$2.50, instead of \$2.41, and the non-miners who are working on trips will not receive less than \$1.50 a day.

Miners and operators at the different mines will decide upon what basis the men shall work until the miners have been remodeled to comply with the new anti-sweat law in Ohio.

To Open Restaurant.

Guests Adele and Stephen Chandler of McKeesport have closed a deal with J. L. Stader for lease on the room now occupied by Mr. Stader as an undertaking parlor. A restaurant will be opened there about the middle of this month.

Brothers Locked Up.

Karl and John Hoyer, two brothers in McKeesport, are held on a \$10,000 bond awaiting trial before Alderman Fred Monk on charges of this month to cut up Harry Foster during an alteration at a local barbershop Sunday night.

Dinner to Meet.

A special dinner for South Connellsville will be held to celebrate a victory in the departmental

City Day.

The city council is to meet Thursday evening at the court house to

HUGE ARMIES LOCK IN FIERCE COMBAT ON THE UPPER OISE

(Continued from Page One.)

Now, a newly opened port about 100 miles north of Tsing-Tau. This is declared here to have been done in violation of China's neutrality.

KRONPRINZ WILHELM PRIZE OF WAR, IS N. Y. RUMOR

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Sir Courtney Bennett, British consul general in this city, announced this afternoon that he had been informed by a trusted friend that the North German Lloyd liner Kronprinz Wilhelm had been captured and taken a war prize to France.

The "Lioness" had been captured a month ago and not right away, as yesterday a telegram might make one think, has brought to arrest not 2000 but 1000 men, but probably 6000 or 7000.

"This operation is not meant to draw Turkey to attack Greece, nor interfere with Greece being the smallest of her neighbors today, she has to prepare in view of other and much more important contingencies."

NEW YORK HEARS THAT
TURKEY IS NOW AT WAR

By Associated Press.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—How Jones & Co. today passed the following on their news telegraph:

"London Unconfirmed reports are current there that Turkey's hand is hard, was on Kars. Communication with Constantinople has been cut off for three days and the Turkish ambassador stated that he had no way of telling when he would hear from his government again."

GERMAN OFFICERS CAPTURED.

PAKISTAN, Sept. 3.—The general staff announces that the Austrian 15th division was completely routed near Lastochka on August 28 and that 100 officers and 1,000 soldiers were taken prisoners.

MORE BOMBS FOR ANTWERP.

ANTWERP, Sept. 2.—A dispatch from Antwerp says that a Zeppelin passing over that city today dropped several bombs. One struck a railway, doing no damage, but others seriously damaged ten houses.

GERMAN OFFICERS CAPTURED.

PAKISTAN, Sept. 3.—The Pakistian Today says that 14 German staff officers have been captured and sent to Ningpo in the department of Gansu.

WAR INSURANCE BILL UNPAID.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—President Wilson today signed the war insurance bill.

YOUNG COUPLE ELOPE

DICKERSON RUN NEWLYWEDS SURPRISE FRIENDS ON RETURN HOME.

Miss Mary Wilhelm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilhelm, and George W. Beatty, both of Dickerson Run, were married a week ago at New Castle by the Rev. J. C. Warner, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. The return of the wedded couple to their home in Dickerson Run recently was a sweet surprise to their many friends.

Several weeks ago Miss Wilhelm left her home accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Harvey and family, a trip to Jamestown, N. Y. A week later Mr. Beatty left for a visit with his sister, Mrs. J. L. W. Adair of Sharon. The couple met at New Castle and were married in the parsonage of the M. E. church. They returned home the same evening to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Pittsberg & wife, railroad employees. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty will make their home at Dickerson Run.

NOT ENOUGH CORN.

SCHENK, WILL—NECESSARILY HOLDING SCHENK'S PARTY OVER AGAIN.

C. W. Michael, dispatcher for the West Penn, entertained the late crew men at a corn roast party this morning at the "pilothouse" near the carbarn on the West Side. The hours were from 1 to 3 A. M.

As the society editor would say, covers were laid for 25 at a prettily appointed table, the centerpiece of which was a beautiful cornucopia. Pretty favors in the shape of empty corn cobs were given.

The present had due time, the only kick being that they ran out of corn, which will necessitate holding the affair over again.

Rounds for an Emergency.

Half of the battle of life is to be ready for an emergency, when it comes. A sure way to prepare for loss of work, sickness or other misfortune is to have a savings account with the Citizens National Bank, where the money will earn interest and always be ready for me, when needed.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who did a few short dances, were the most popular of the principals, though all were well-liked.

THE "CITY SPORTS"

is the first of a series of what burlesque shows which will start here on Tuesday, 32 weeks. The "other" "blouses" are booked for next Tuesday.

DEATHS.

SOCIETY.

FANCY WORK CLUB MEETS.

The Greenwood Fancy Work Club met at the home of Mrs. H. L. Plyer of Main street, West Side, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A delightful time was spent.

ENTERTAINMENT AT TEA ROOM.

ALTOONA TEMPLE No. 89, Pythian Sisters, will entertain the Mountain City degree staff of Altoona at the West Penn Tea Room tomorrow.

WEST SIDE CAMPING MEET.

The West Side Camping Club held a meeting at 8 o'clock at the West Side Hotel last evening. All the business left over from the outing to Gaudet was closed up.

SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A surprise birthday party was given for Mrs. Samuel Lilly in honor of her birthday, at the home of Eliza Stillwagon of Pleasant Valley. About 10 friends attended. The evening was spent at cards and games. Miss Monte Alley and Mrs. Francis Lilly of Pittsburgh, wife and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lilly, were the prize winners. The decorations for the occasion were white roses and camellias.

Mr. and Mrs. Monte Alley and Mrs. Francis Lilly were hosts. Charles Huddock has returned home after spending several months in the western states.

EDWARD BOYD OF CUMBERLAND IS VISITING HIS UNCLE AND AUNT, MR. AND MRS. A. H. CLAWSON OF SOUTH CONNELLSVILLE.

Mrs. Buckingham and daughter, Miss Ethel, have returned from a two months' trip during which they visited New York, Asbury Park, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Washington. Miss Buckingham attended school in Washington.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Bailey returned home last evening after an extensive eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Snyder returned home last evening from Atlantic City. C. J. Cotton and William Rodgers were busboys callers in Untonton yesterday.

Mrs. James Miford and daughters, Stella and Catherine, motored from Scranton to this city, and are the guests of Mrs. Homer McCabe on Eliza street.

Mrs. Peters and son William of Scottdale stopped off in Connellsville this morning while on their way to their home in Scottdale. The two just returned from Mount Chattanooga where they have been spending their vacation.

HOSPITAL REPORT.

THIRTY-EIGHT PATIENTS TREATED AT UPTON HOSPITAL IN AUGUST.

MISS REBECCA GLASS, superintendant of the Upton State Hospital, this morning submitted the following report for the month of August.

Number of patients at the beginning of the month, 21; admitted, 36; discharged, 25; died, 2; remaining, 18.

ACUTE INDIGESTION.

"I was unwell for over a year by attacks of acute indigestion, followed by constipation," writes Mrs. M. J. Dillinger, Geneva, N. Y. "I tried everything that was recommended to me for this complaint, but nothing did me much good until about four months ago I saw Chamberlain's tablets advertised and purchased a bottle of them from our druggist. I soon realized that I had gotten the right thing for my trouble, as they helped me at once. Since taking two bottles of them I eat heartily without any bad effects." Sold by all dealers.

BOILERS SENT TO SOMERSET.

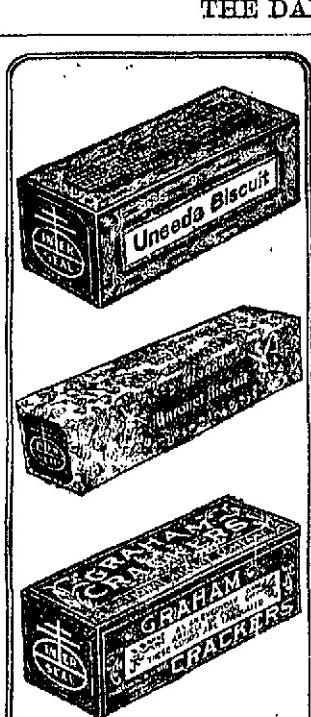
The remains of Mrs. Susan Bowser and Madeline Hayes were shipped to Somerville this morning on Bell Telephone train No. 18, and interred there.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS OPEN.

The Immaculate Conception parochial schools opened Monday and are now in good running order. The enrollment will be completed by the beginning of next week.

HOWLING RECOVERING.

Word from the York hospital to



PERSONAL.

Don't miss the opening chapters of our new serial story in this issue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bittner has returned home after a month's visit with relatives in Bradbeck.

Mr. Oliver Hodderick and children, Gladys and Evelyn and Joseph Gibbons, left yesterday for a several days' visit with relatives in Brownsville, New Orient, Orient and Republic.

Dr. James Woods and Dr. C. Thomas motored to Pittsburgh this morning.

Mrs. Olive Hindmarch of Uniontown, returned home yesterday afternoon, after being the guest of Mrs. O. H. Rodger on Apple street.

Miss Georgina Bittner of Stur Junction is visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. B. Bittner.

Lot of Shirt Waists, made of lawn and voile, nicely trimmed with lace and embroidery, in a pretty assortment—low necks and short sleeves.....

"Clean Sweep" Sale Goes Merrily On.

Lot of Shirt Waists, made of lawn and voile, nicely trimmed with lace and embroidery, in a pretty assortment—low necks and short sleeves.....

39c

Lot of Shirt Waists, in a beautiful assortment, made of crepes, voile and lawn; styles that were made to sell up to \$2.50.

All sizes \$1.00

Lot of Shirt Waists and Silk Blouses, in a fine selection of materials and colors—plain white and also colors.

Spindly Splendids. Splendid values \$1.50

Lot of Children's Dresses, made of lawn and voile, nicely trimmed, for ages 2 to 6, very pretty styles and the same that have retailed in this store up to \$1.00.....

25c

Lot of Girls' Dresses and Boys' Suits, for ages 2 to 12, in white and colors. Nicely made of fine materials.

These are great bargains.....

59c

Lot of Children's Dresses, for ages 2 to 14 years. Mostly in white. Fine lawns, elegantly trimmed with lace and embroidery.....

95c

MOUNT PLEASANT

MOUNT PLEASANT. Sept. 2.—The Mount Pleasant Township high school opened here Monday and 131 were registered. In the junior class 54 were enrolled and in the senior class 15. This is the largest enrollment record in the history of the school. Miss Ada Heacock, who succeeded Andrew Yatesk as teacher took up her new work yesterday. Miss Elizabeth Martin of Greenvale, who taught music, has had her salary increased so that she may have charge of the gymnasium. When the new gymnasium is completed athletics will be brought to the front and a boys' and girls' basketball teams will be organized. W. Steele Barnhart of Greenvale, who was elected agricultural teacher at the Saturday meeting, is a graduate of State College. He was unable to attend school yesterday. Being in the east, Professor Kubis received a telegram from him yesterday that he will be here for a few days. A number of boys have registered for this class and are making reports of their project work to be approved.

Word has been received from Doctor Dixon of the State Board of Health that the water sent from Bridgeport dam would not be drinkable at this time. It was sent to the board of health after it did not have any family members affected by contaminated disease. At this time there are three cases reported. Lewis Johnson, aged 19 years, son of Mary Johnson, who has typhoid fever; Virginia Ness, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ness, who has diphtheria; and Michael Snyder, aged 48, of Scotland, who has typhoid fever and is in the hospital.

Camp 729, Patriotic Sons of America have accepted an invitation from the Sentinels Lodge to take part in a parade there on Saturday evening.

The Old Fellows and other patriotic orders from here will also attend in special cars leaving here at 8:30 P.M.

John Miller, who represented the local Patriotic Sons of America at York, has returned home.

Examinations for those who wished to be placed and those who wish to make up deficiencies, and those who have done summer work, will be held in the high school building on Wednesday and Thursday by Prof. U. L. Gordis. Miss Wallace, the domestic science teacher from Erie, will arrive here this morning.

Joseph Pajtas, aged 33 years, a coal miner, who died in the Memorial Hospital yesterday, was taken to the home in Trusler last evening. Funeral services will be held there on Wednesday afternoon.

The business men held a meeting last evening and William Baugus, Alex Sherrick and Charles DeVaux were appointed as a committee to arrange for a smoker that will possibly be held in the Link building. An effort will be made to have Bob Rankin here.

John Martin, the poor director, of Rufflette, was a caller here yesterday.

Constable J. C. Thompson and James Gillis were business callers in Greensburg yesterday.

Mr. W. L. Riddle and son Clarence have gone on a trip to Wilmington, Del., Atlantic City and Philadelphia. C. J. Stark and Lawrence Pfadt returned on Sunday from a trip to Ohio.

Miss Alice Smith of LaPorter spent Sunday with Mrs. Overholt.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mahaney and Mr. and Mrs. Randy Mahaney returned on Sunday from a trip to Gettysburg.

The Pittsburgh Brewing Company of the East End lost one of its large black horses on Monday morning. Mr. Oberweis, the East End merchant, lost a sorrel horse Saturday.

The W. C. T. U. held their regular monthly meeting yesterday afternoon in the Central Methodist Church, where Mr. J. A. Daubach was elected a delegate to the State convention to be held at Toledo. The bill was paid and it was decided to observe the birthday of Frances Willard on September 28, with special meetings. Mrs. D. T. Stoner, Mrs. George W. Stenger, Mrs. J. L. Underwood and Mrs. Hartnett Brothers will attend the county convention at Monessen on Thursday and Friday.

The Rev. L. E. Yahn will preach on Sunday at a living service entitled "Gloves and Gloves for Labor Day." All laboring men and employees have been invited to this service.

Miss Ford, one of the nurses at the Memorial Hospital has resigned, left yesterday for Harrisburg where she has accepted another position.

Misses Lena Luterman and Fannie Stewart of Pittsburgh are guests of Mrs. George Clark. The Misses Bryant of Washington street who has been suffering with heart trouble have been taken to the Memorial Hospital for treatment.

Miss H. M. Grotzinger and son of Washington are guests of friends here.

Miss James Gillis of Sioux City, Iowa, the guest of Harry Iacobacci, a chariot driver of Pittsburgh was a caller here yesterday.

PERRYOPOLIS.

PERRYOPOLIS, Sept. 2.—H. D. Shearer and H. C. Davis were business callers in town Tuesday from Connellsville.

Mrs. Emma Snyder has returned to her home in Glassport, after a week spent with relatives here.

J. K. Chaffin and sister, Mrs. Mary B. Davidson left yesterday to visit friends in Ohio.

Misses Anna and Estelle Eisenreich and Mrs. Adam Hixenbaugh were shoppers to Connellsville yesterday.

Miss I. M. Hodgkins is spending a few days visiting her parents at Donmar.

Mr. William Turner is visiting his daughter, Mrs. William Stewart of West Newton.

Mrs. J. O. Blair is home from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Kunkel, at George, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weimer have returned from a visit at Brownsville.

Do You Want Help?

This can be obtained at One cent a word. Results follow.

OHIOVILLE

OHIOVILLE, Sept. 2.—Mrs. Hartnell Preesler and her daughter, were calling on Ohioville friends Monday.

Mrs. James Gales and children returned to their home in Belmont yesterday morning after a pleasant visit here.

David Dillinger returned to Somerton after spending Saturday and Sunday here.

Mrs. Fred DaBeke and baby left last evening for Indian Creek to make a short visit with friends.

Joseph Church has returned to his home here after several weeks spent in Uniontown.

Walter and Tracy Chuck spent last Saturday and Sunday calling on friends in Uniontown.

J. D. Robinson of Kentuck spent Monday in town.

Magaret Clark of Uniontown is spending today the guest of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark on Clark street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Holt spent Monday shopping and calling on friends in Connellsville.

E. Harris was a caller in town on Monday.

J. J. Jeffries of Sugar Loaf was in town on business Monday.

OHIOVILLE, Sept. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oglethorpe left last night to make a short visit with friends in Confluence.

Dr. Cotton of Dawson was here on business Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Dillinger has returned to his home here after a few days spent in Indian Creek.

Rev. Frank C. Deane and son Paul of Wheeling, W. Va., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark on Clark street.

Men Baker left last evening for Pittsburgh after a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Clark.

James Hall was attending to business matters in Connellsville and Uniontown yesterday.

The restaurant of George Shaffer is being painted by Irwin Hailey and Newman Boyd.

Rev. Steward, wife and children, left Sunday morning to make a short visit with friends in Confluence.

W. H. Rafferty was a business visitor at Sugar Loaf Tuesday.

James Hall of Sugar Loaf was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Collins and daughter, returned to their home in Connellsville yesterday after several days spent with friends here.

DUNBAR

DUNBAR, Sept. 2.—Mrs. George Wagner and Miss Ella Myers were Connellsville visitors yesterday.

Don't miss the opening chapter of our new serial story in this issue.

Martha Woodward of Connellsville, was calling on friends in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. McMechan and daughter Helen who spent the past month visiting friends in Vermilion, returned home yesterday.

Miss Mabel Swearingen returned to California Normal, where she will resume her studies.

Warne Parker of Chicago and his father, Elsie Parker of this place, were business callers in Uniontown yesterday.

Mr. James Harper is seriously ill at her home on Railroad street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Pratt of the Pratt home moved to Bryan Hill in the Monongahela yesterday.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Protestant Church will hold their regular meeting Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gladden.

Samuel Speight is attending the Methodist Protestant conference at Castle Shannon. Mr. Speight was sent as a delegate.

The corn roast that was held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Frank Reilly proved to be a success.

Mr. D. L. Ellenthaler and Miss Sue Cotton are visiting friends at Cumberland.

Mrs. Mae Stewart has returned home after spending a few days with friends at Fairbanks.

Frank C. W. Foster and daughter, Francis of Uniontown are spending a good day here, the guest of the former's sister, Mrs. M. J. Stewart of First street.

SMITHFIELD

SMITHFIELD, Sept. 2.—William Lot of New Georgia was a business visitor on Tuesday.

H. C. McLaughlin of Pittsburgh, was a business visitor Tuesday.

J. Howard of Uniontown was a business visitor on Tuesday.

Charles Jones of High House visited his daughter, Mrs. Ernest Malone on Tuesday.

Samuel Thompson and wife of Benez are visiting Mrs. Martha Thompson.

Mrs. Minnie George from out B. N. No. 9, was a borough shopper on Tuesday.

William Price has a badly cut hand as a result of running the hand through a window of one of the coaches of the excursion train returning from Oak Park on Sunday evening.

The coach was crowded to standing room, and he was standing, when a sudden lurch of the car threw him off his balance, and throwing out his hand to catch himself, it hit the glass, breaking it.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Show of Wadsworth, spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in the borough.

Harry Morris, a brakeman, was painfully hurt when his train left the track on the Smithfield & Masononton branch Saturday. The principal injury was a badly sprained ankle.

Alpheus Clawson of Easton, W. Va., is visiting his grandchildren here, the Misses Rankin.

UNITED TAKES GAME.

Comes from Belair and Wallops the Trager Nine.

The Trager baseball nine was defeated in a game with United on the Trager ground Monday evening. The score was 3-2. The game was interesting all the way through and it ended like Trager had it. United won the game two to nothing until the last inning. Then United got three and Trager could not rally.

The United battery was J. Haines and Spirkov, and for Trager, R. Eaton and Shultz. Umpires, Wilcock and Smith.

RUSSIA.

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Slavish."

Russia is a vast, opaque nation extending from the hot sands of Asia on the south to the midnight sun on the north and from impenetrable savagery in the police department to the civilization of tomorrow in the works of Tolstoi.

Russia is larger than the United States and has an annex, Siberia, which has 5,000,000 square miles, being the largest penitentiary on the planet. Russia has 150,000,000 people.

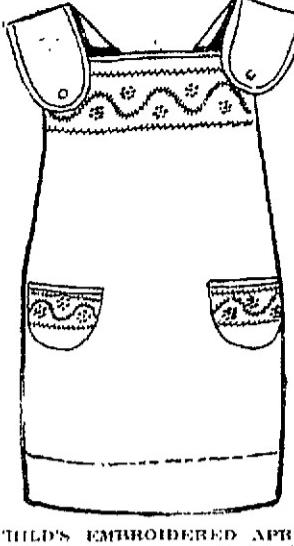
Big Czar, or owner, is the richest man in the world. It has a billion dollars in gold and produces such two billion dollars worth of rye, barley, oats and wheat.

The government spends a billion dollars a year for expenses.

The Grand Dukes and their friends get half as much.

This leaves enough for the common people to amount to two slices of black bread apiece per day, with an option for Sunday. Being a common citizen in Russia is about the most unprofitable job on this planet.

Russia is a comparatively flat and fertile country, surrounded on two sides by high mountains and on the



CHILD'S EMBROIDERED APRON.
This little apron was of plain blue chenille lined with white. It is cut all in one piece and buttoned over the shoulders. A band of embroidery around French knots and feather-stitching in black, blue and white crosses the front and trims the patch pockets.

INDIAN CREEK.

INDIAN CREEK, Sept. 1.—Evans Blum of Mill Run is spending business in Connellsville and Uniontown today.

Don't miss the opening chapters of our new serial story in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lev Koontz of Davis-

ton, are spending today among Connellsville friends.

J. C. Young was a business caller in Connellsville yesterday.

Mrs. Jake Dull and children are spending a few days among relatives in Connellsville.

Frank Blum of Mill Run, is a business caller in Uniontown today.

James Miller of Indian Head, is calling on Connellsville friends today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rogers and son Joseph returned from a few days' visit with friends in Connellsville.

Joseph Whitley of Normansville is a business caller in Connellsville today.

J. J. Dillinger is spending today among Meyersdale friends.

W. J. McFarland returned from Pittsburgh this morning and left for Duck Creek over the Indian Creek bridge.

S. M. Wilhelms spent a few hours among Meyersdale friends yesterday.

Among the chief products of the country are vodka and whiskeys.

Other several states by weightful engines. Half of its area is still in the primitive forest, in spite of the fact that Russia has been doing business over a thousand years.

The approaching forest belt is the load of Russia's treasure. What has been taken in the last ten years has been her disappearing battalions.

Russia's people occupy themselves earnestly in scratching a living out of the ground and do very little manufacturing. It exports wheat, oil, timber and Russian wool in great quantities.

Among the chief products of the country are vodka, a sort of super-dry, and whiskeys. Russian breads are the most luxuriant in the world and are the only untaxed product in the land.

Russia has a huge army amounting to several millions of men, but has always been defended most effectively by its magnitude and distance.

Since Napoleon marched into the middle of Russia with a half million men and took most of them walking home, invading Russia has not been regarded as a postion by the powers.

The principal method of fighting Russia seems to be to get its army on the border and then to waste it.

Fighting implicitly to the insignificance of the armies in the war department in supplying it with wooden guns and sand powder.

Gosha has a kind-hearted Com. Nicholas II, who views his country with regret but isn't allowed to do much for it by his advisors. It has a Duma, which is a sort of demasted Congress, and a state church, which runs the country and towns severely upon education and other frivolities.

The Russian is a hard-working man and when he comes to America makes good citizen and prosper. But in his own country he isn't of any importance unless he becomes a nihilist. By means of nihilism the Russian lives a life of pleasurable excitement and eventually gets a good day here to Siberia without a return ticket.

Russia was first placed emphatically upon the map by Peter the Great in the seventeenth century.

Since then it has spread until it afflicts almost 3,000,000 square miles, and thus far no treatment has served to reduce it.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale on

Saturday, September 5

At 1 O'clock P. M.

at 147 10th Street.

Mr. C. McMechan, was a recent Pittsburg caller.

Dr.

The Daily Courier.
Entered as 2d class matter at
the post office, Connellsville.

THE COURIER COMPANY,
Publishers.

H. P. SNYDER
President and Managing Editor
JAMES T. DRISCOLL
Secretary and Treasurer
Advertising and Circulation Manager

TELEPHONE RING
CITY, COUNTRY AND BUSINESS
BELL Telephone, State or Two
Rings.

BUSINESS OFFICE, 101 AND 103
CANTON BUILDING, Bell 12
One Ring, all State 23, One Ring.

H. P. SNYDER Editor and Manager
Bell 11.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 2, 1914

IRON AND STEEL

While the future of the iron and

steel trade, both immediate and in-

stant, remains in as much doubt as

a fortnight ago measurable pro-

gress has been made in clarifying opinion

to the extent that the man in the

market is not quite so anxious

as he was a week ago.

It is the general opinion that

the future will be even more

uncertain than it was a week

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Factories last week number 1,400 against 278 a year ago

Every iron mine in the country has either closed down or put their workmen on half time

When fallires increase in six months to the extent of \$10,000,000 the figures speak for themselves

When one imports increase by \$100,000 displaying that amount of home made products we can easily figure the loss

The Tariff has reduced some things at least. For instance, Federal revenues, confidence in the Democratic party, Industrial activity, but not the cost of living

When from 2,000 to 8,000 persons are out of work we know to a certainty that they are losing \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 a year in wages

Of 36 big sugar plantations in Louisiana 24 are in the hands of receivers and 12 in the hands of sheriffs. Prudet City, ex-sugar beet factory in the U.S. is closed and stands a silent monument to Democracy's incompetency

The Republican Tariff was built on the theory that the prosperity of the farmer was essential to the prosperity of the nation. The Democratic Tariff is based on the theory that the prosperity of the farmer is of no consequence. The Democratic party will hear from the farmers in the Congressional election next fall. Wellsboro (Pa.) Agitator

Even Democratic papers are admitting that business is bad and men are idle. The New York Times has made the statement that in the Middle States there are a million idle men with an average loss of \$2,000,000 a day in wages. As an instance of this in Chicago it has been proposed to appropriate a million dollars to relieve idle wage earners

During the last week depressing influences have predominated the grain market and prices of wheat and oats have declined rapidly. By comparing the prices of wheat in July 1912 and the present market prices in Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago and New York it is found that the average decrease in price is 19 cents per bushel. On wheat alone the farmers of Iowa have lost \$10,000 since the Democratic party went into power

The enormous disparity between the numbers of freight cars lying idle in 1913 and 1914 amounts to an absolute refutation of the claim that business conditions are sound. On July 1, 1913 there were 1,704,000 freight cars in the country and on May 31, 1914 the number of idle cars exceeded by 100,000 the number that were idle on the same date in 1913 four months before the Underwood tariff went into operation and when business was at the normal mark of Protection prosperity there was manifestly something wrong with business. This is something wrong remaining up to July 1, 1914. It still remains and all the optimistic reports which Democratic newspapers can work up will not wipe out that fact

PLACING BLAME FOR FOOD COST

Blundering of Democratic Party Caused Prices to Soar.

NEW TAXES NOW ADVOCATED

In Order to Meet the Deficit Brought About by Free Trade the Present Democratic Administration Is Considering Plans to Raise More Money by Further Burdening the People Philadelphia, Sept. 1. With but a

trial paralysis existing in most sections of Pennsylvania consequent upon the ruinous Democratic tariff the people are now face to face with another aspect of the Underwood-Palmer tariff. Instead of reducing the cost of living as promised in ordinary times, the Underwood-Palmer tariff has had the opposite effect. It has proved itself inadequate to reduce the cost of living but instead caused idleness and stagnation.

The situation now is intensified by the soaring prices in the staples of life. With the largest crop ever known the prices still mount and the Democratic Congress is considering plans to raise more money, fearing a deficit from the operations of the low Democratic tariff and the income tax. It resulted for Republican congressmen from Pennsylvania to rush into the situation and attempt to effect by an investigation and publicity reduction in the now prevailing high prices of foodstuffs. Representative J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia,

\$2.50 Vacuum Bottle — 98c. and \$1.13

"CONVENIENCE"



Convenience, as well as happiness, may be had by both mother and child during the night, as may be seen in the above picture. No more getting up in the night to heat the baby's food, when a

SIMPLEX VACUUM BOTTLE

is near at hand. How can any mother resist from owning one of these valuable articles when she realizes how comfortably a night is passed with her young baby when a VACUUM BOTTLE fills a long needed want, can any mother afford to be without one?

Our friends tell us how little they realized the great satisfaction and comfort derived from one of these Bottles. The food remains at an even temperature.

The Daily Courier believes that there are thousands of mothers in this city who would like to own a VACUUM BOTTLE but have refrained on account of the high price.

We consider it a great privilege to place before our readers this marvellous offer.

The Way to Get This Bottle. Every day in this paper appears a coupon. Clip it out, and present it with five others of consecutive dates, at the Office with 98c or \$1.13 and procure one of these Bottles ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 2.



THOMAS S. CRAGO.
One of the Republican Candidates for Congressman at Large

necessary to raise portmains \$100,000 by direct taxation. Whether this tax will be levied on sugar, tobacco or coffee cannot be determined.

Tobacco and coffee are free of duty and sugar, while the tea tax was making free would have brought in \$60,000,000 a year if they had let the Payne duty stand. Some members of the committee have suggested that the tea tax might be increased, but this has not yet been settled.

When sugar was under discussion in Congress the agents of the large concerns besieged that body to take no duty on sugar in order to make it cheaper. The proposal for a moderate wood tariff bill responded to that proposition and started a sliding scale reduction.

The total loss to the treasury was estimated to reach in the end no less than \$10,000,000 a year. The importer was asked the question, "But what price of sugar to the retailer did not come down to any perceptible extent?" He had no answer, so he was asked, "What price of sugar do you insist on raising the tariff for them?" They propose a greater advance on the promise that imports of sugar are to stop entirely.

All we have to do is to disprove the argument that we must go back to the debates in Congress from which we learn that the percentage of total consumption of sugar paying full duty in 1913 was only 47.100 per cent.

Free Trade Responsible.

"We do not live to go to any of the countries now at war for any of our sugar except we stated. The bulk of it comes from Cuba and our own dominions. The sugar produced there is absurd to say the foreign sugar is too intelligent to swallow the explanation given by the government.

The whole situation is peculiar and perplexing. The administration has been compelled to raise the wood tariff duties with the income tax added would see the government through but the crisis is near at lessening. Our sugar is good and other side insist that the European war is responsible but the tariff troubles had already set in before the war began. With crops more abundant than ever it is almost a travesty to impose high

prices for food supplies" on the people. Yet it is almost inevitable under the present conditions that new taxes still come."

Prominent citizens and influential newspapers throughout Pennsylvania are placing the responsibility for the increase in the cost of living here. It belongs on the Democratic party and its destructive Underwood-Palmer tariff act. This is exasperating to the Palmer-McCormick organization in Pennsylvania which at first believed that the blame could be shifted up on the European war. The people are too intelligent to swallow the explanations sent out from the Democratic headquarters and from all sections of the state come denunciation of the men who have caused hard times and higher prices for foodstuffs.

Selling Post Offices.

The Palmer-McCormick machine is getting hit also from other quarters and for other offenses, judging from the following article in the Boston Ladies' leading Democratic news

paper in Boston:

"Gratetown of the manner in which the Palmer org. is using Federal patronage in this state was contained in the thirty-third annual report of the executive committee of the Pennsylva. Soc. of Friends to the annual meeting of that organization yesterday in Philadelphia. It was reported that in Pennsylvania, where the society and council to the association had been dissolved, the appointment at New London had been made that one man had been appointed postmaster only after he signed a paper agreeing to pay \$500 a month to the Democratic County Committee."

"Throughout the state," the report stated, "third and second class post offices have been made the exclusive property of a strong majority of a faction of the Democratic party. Their committee will be prepared to protest against such appointments as appear to be the stamp of political favoritism."

Hospital Efficiency.

A highly developed efficiency system is saving time and trouble for the staff and for other offenses, judging from the following article in the Boston Ladies' leading Democratic news

doctors are located in many rooms and hallways and these indicators show at all times whether or not any one of the officials is in the hospital and available for consultation. When each doctor comes into the building a button is pressed that makes it known on all the indicators that he has arrived, and when he goes out the indicators are made to record that fact. The indicators also show the word 'engaged' which means that the official or doctor is not to be disturbed.

"Throughout the state," the report stated, "third and second class post offices have been made the exclusive property of a strong majority of a faction of the Democratic party. Their committee will be prepared to protest against such appointments as appear to be the stamp of political favoritism."

Saturday Evening Post.

The great fire of London in 1866 started in a house on Building Lane and ended at Fleet Street. Thirteen thousand two hundred houses were burned, including eighty nine churches.

Burned With Dolls. In the Chinese morgue one of the strange sights is a number of life size dolls which are burned to accompany the corpses and their servants to the next world. They are doubtless a relic of the time when human beings were thus burned as companions of the deceased.

More Darkness. "I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," said she as she pulled out a colored one and laid it on the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for it's the gas bill."

When She Would Return. "I saw your mother going to one of the neighbors as I crossed the street," said the lady to her friend's little son. "Do you know when she will be back?"

"Yes, mom," answered the truthful Jimmy. "She said she'd be back just as soon as you left." —Lippincott.

THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER



In this story Mr. Palmer, the noted war correspondent, has painted war as he has seen it on many battlefields, and between many nations. His intimate knowledge of armaments and armaments has enabled him to produce a graphic picture of the greatest of all wars, and his knowledge of conditions has led him to prophecy an end of armed conflicts. No man is better qualified to write the story of the final world war than Mr. Palmer, and he has handled his subject with a master hand.

CHAPTER I.

A Speck in the Sky.

It was Marta who first saw the speck in the sky. Her outcry and her bound from her seat at the table brought her mother and Colonel Westerling after her onto the lawn, where they became motionless figures, screwing their eyes with their hands. The now, not so much most wonderful thing in the world at the time was this speck appearing above the irregular horizon of the Brown range, in view of land-scape that testifies of civilization had fertilized and cultivated and formed.

At the base of the range ran a line of white stone posts, placed by later national commissions of surveyors to the novelty of an inch's variation. In the very direction of the speck's flight a spur of foothills extended into the plain that stretched away to the Gray range, distinct at the distance of thirty miles in the bright afternoon light. Faithful to their part in returning to climb, the white posts circled around the spur, hugging the levels.

In the lap of the spur was La Tir, the old town, and on the other side of the boundary lay South La Tir, the new town. Through both ran the dusty ribbon of a road, drawn straight across the plain and over the whistling thread of a river. On its way to the base of the Brown range it skirted the garden of the Gallands, which rose in terraces to a seventeenth century house overlooking the old town to its outskirts. They were such a town, such a road, such a landscape as you may see on many European frontiers. The Christian people who lived in the region were like the Christian people you know if you look for the realities of human nature under the surface differences of language and habits.

Beyond the house was the ruin of a castle, its tower still intact. Marta always referred to the castle as the baron, for in her girlhood she had a way of personifying all inanimate things. If the castle walls were covered with hoar frost, she said that the baron was shivering; if the wind tore around the tower, she said that the baron was groaning over the democratic tendencies of the time. On such a summer afternoon as this, the baron was growing old gracefully, at peace with his bones.

Centuries older than the speck in the sky was the baron; but the post road was more, more, centuries more, centuries older than he. It had been a trail for tribes long before Roman legions won a victory in the pass, which was acclaimed an imperial triumph. To hold the pass was to hold the range. All the blood shed there would make a red river, inundating the plain.

"Beside the old baron, we are puny men," Marta would say. "And what a parvenu the baron could have been to the Roman aristocrat!"

"Our family is old enough—unquestionably in the province!" Mrs. Galland would reply. "Marta, how your mind does wonder! I'd get a headache just contemplating the terrors you are able to think of in five minutes!"

The first Galland had built a house on the land that his king had given him for one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the history of the pass.

Even the tower, raised to the glory of an older family whose descendants, if any survived, were unaware of their lineage, had become known as the Galland tower. The Gallands were rooted in the soil of the frontier; they were used to having war's hot breath blow past their door; they were at home in the language and customs of two peoples, there was a peculiar tradition, which Marta had absorbed with her first breath. Town and plain and range were the first vista of landscape that she had seen; doubtless they would be the last.

One or two afternoons a week Colonel Hedworth Westerling, commander of the regimental post of the Grays on the other side of the white posts, stretched his privilege of crossing the frontier and appeared for tea at the Gallands. It meant pleasant half-hour breaks, long walk, a relief from garrison surroundings, and in view of the order, resolved that morning, this was to be a farewell call.

He had found Mrs. Galland an agreeable reflection of an aristocratic past. The daughter had what he defined vaguely as girlish plaudity. He found it amusing to try to answer her unusual questions, he liked the variety of her inventive mind, with its flashes of downright matter-of-factness.

Not until tea was served did he mention his new assignment; he was going to the general staff at the capital. Mrs. Galland murmured her congratulations in conventional fashion.

Marta's chair was drawn back from

the table. She leaned forward in a favorite position of hers when she was intensely interested, with hands clasped over her knee, while her mother always found exasperating tomboyish. She had a mass of lustrous black hair and a mouth rather large in repose, but capable of changing curves of emotion. Her large, dark eyes, luminously deep under long lashes, if not the rest of her face, had beauty. Her head was bent, the lashes forming a lip with her brow now, and her eyes had the still flame of wonder that they had when she was looking all around a thing and through it to find what it meant.

"Some day you will be chief of staff, the head of Gray army!" she suddenly exclaimed.

Westerling started as if he had been surprised in a secret. Then he flushed slightly.

"Why?" he asked with forced carelessness. "Your reasons? They're more interesting than your prophecy."

"Because you have the will to be," she said without emphasis in the impersonal revelation of thought. "You want power. You have ambition."

He looked the picture of it, with his square jaw, his well-moulded head set close to the shoulders on a sturdy neck, his even teeth showing as his lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"Marta, Marta!" She is—she is explosive," Mrs. Galland remarked apologetically to the colonel.

"I asked for her reasons. I brought it on myself—and it is not a bad compliment," he replied. Indeed, he had never received one so thrilling.

His smile, a smile well pleased with itself, remained as Mrs. Galland began to talk of other things, and its lingering satisfaction disappeared only with Marta's cry of sight of the speck in the sky over the Brown range. She was out on the lawn before the others had risen from their seats.

"An aeroplane! Hurry!" she called. How fast the speck grew!

Naturally, the business of war, watching for every invention that might serve its ends, was the first patron of flight. Captain Arthur Lanstron, pupil of a pioneer aviator, had been warned by him end by the chief of staff of the Browns, who was looking on, to keep in a circle close to the ground. But he was doing so well

"Thank you, but they're coming for me," said Lanstron to Westerling as he glanced up the road.

Westerling was looking at the wreck. Lanstron, who recognized him as an officer, though in uniform, kicked a bit of the torn cloth over some apparatus to hide it. At this Westerling smiled faintly. Then Lanstron saluted as officer to officer might salute across the white posts, giving his name and rank in return. Westerling's.

They made a contrast, these two men, the colonel of the Grays, alert and sturdy, his physical vitality so evident, and the captain of the Browns, some seven or eight years the junior, bared-headed, in dishevelled fatigue uniform, his lips twitching, his slender body quivering with the pain that he could not control, while his rather bold forehead and delicate, sensitive features suggested a man of nerve and nerve who might have left experiments in a laboratory for an adventure in the air. There was a kind of challenge in their glances; the challenge of an ancient feud of their peoples; of the professional rivalry of police duellists. Lanstron's slight figure seemed to express the wonder number of the three million soldiers of the Browns; Westerling a bulkier one, the four million the hundred thousand of the Grays.

"You had a narrow squeak and you made a very speedy recovery at the last second," said Westerling, passing a compliment across the white posts.

"That's in the line of duty for you and me, isn't it?" Lanstron replied, his voice thick with pain as he forced a smile.

There was no pose in his fortitude. He was evidently disgusted with himself over the whole business, and he turned to the group of three officers and a civilian who alighted from a big Brown army automobile as if he were prepared to have them say their word. They seemed between the impulses of reprimanding and embracing him.

"I hope that you are not surprised at the result," said the oldest of the officers, a man of late middle age, rather affectionately and teasingly. He wore a single order on his breast, a plain iron cross, and the insignia of his rank was that of a field-marshall.

"Not now. I should be again," said Lanstron, looking full at the field-marshall in the appeal of one asking for another chance. "I was wool-gathering. But I shall not wool-gather next time. I've got a reminder more urgent than a string tied around my finger."

"Yes, that hand needs immediate attention," said the doctor. He and another officer began helping Lanstron into the automobile.

"Good-by!" he called to the young girl, who was still watching him with big, sympathetic eyes. "I am coming back soon and land in the field, there, and when I do, I'll claim a bunch of flowers."

"Do! What fun!" she cried, as the car started.

"The Field-marshall was Partow, their chief of staff?" Westerling asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Galland. "I remember when he was a young infantry officer before the last war, before he had won the iron cross and become so great. He was not of an army family—a doctor's son, but very clever and skillful."

"Getting a little old for his work!" Bouchard replied.

"But that we ought to know," Wester-

ly he is keen enough to take a personal interest in anything new."

"Isn't it thrilling and terrible!" Marta exclaimed.

"Yes, like war at our own door again," replied Mrs. Galland, who knew war. She had seen war raging on the pass road. "Lanstron, the young man said his name was," she resumed after a pause. "No doubt the Lanstrons of Thorbourg. An old family and many of them in the army."

"The way he refused to give in—that was fine!" said Marta.

Westerling, who had been engrossed in his own thoughts, looked up.

"Courage is the cheapest thing an army has! You can get hundreds of young officers who are glad to take a risk of that kind. The thing is, and I'm sure you know it, that our fingers pressed on the palm of his hand in a pounding gesture of the forearm. 'To direct and command—head work—organization!'

"It war should come again—" Marta began. Mrs. Galland judged her. A Brown never mentioned war to an officer of the Grays; it was not at all in the accepted propriety. But Marta rushed on. "So many would be engaged that it would be more horrible than ever!"

"You cannot make omlettes without breaking eggs," Westerling answered with some smile.

"The aeroplane will take its place as an auxiliary," he went on, his mind still running on the theme of her prophecy, while the meeting with Lanstron had quickened. "But war will, as ever, be won by the bayonet that takes and holds a position. We shall have no aerial victories, now."

"There he broke off. He did not accompany Mrs. Galland and Marta back to the house, but made his adieu at the garden gate.

"I'm sure that I shall never marry a soldier!" Marta burst out as she and her mother were ascending the steps.

CHAPTER II.

Ten Years Later.

His Excellency the chief of staff of the Grays was seldom in his office. His Excellency had years, rank, prestige. The breast of his uniform sagged with the weight of his decorations. He appeared for the army at great functions, his picture was in the shop-windows. Hedworth Westerling, the new vice-chief of staff, was content that they heard the prolonged honk of an automobile demanding the right of way at top speed in the direction of the pass.

"Thank you, but they're coming for me," said Lanstron to Westerling as he glanced up the road.

Westerling was looking at the wreck. Lanstron, who recognized him as an officer, though in uniform, kicked a bit of the torn cloth over some apparatus to hide it. At this Westerling smiled faintly. Then Lanstron saluted as officer to officer might salute across the white posts, giving his name and rank in return. Westerling's.

His appointment to the staff ten years ago had given him the post he wanted, the capital itself, for the play of his abilities. His vital energy, his impressive personality, his gift for courting the influences that counted, whether man's or woman's, his astute readiness in stooping to some measures that were in keeping with the times but not with army precedent, had won for him the goal of his ambition. He had passed over the heads of older men, whom many thought his doctors, rather ruthlessly. Those who would serve loyally he drew around him; those who were bitter he crowded out of his way.

In the adjoining room, occupied by Westerling, the walls were hung with the silhouettes of infantrymen, such as you see at maneuvers, in different positions of firing, crouching in shallow trenches, standing in deep trenches, or lying flat on the stomach on level earth. Another silhouette, that of an infantryman running, was peppered with white points in arms and legs and parts of the body that were not vital, to show in how many places a man may be hit with a small-caliber bullet and still survive.

In this day of universal European conception, if Westerling were to win war it would be with five millions—five hundred thousand more than when he faced a young Drago officer over the wreck of an aeroplane—including the reserves, each man running, bringing, crouching, as was the figure on the wall, and trying to give more of the white points that peppered the silhouette than he received.

Now Turcas, the assistant vice-chief of staff, and Bouchard, chief of the division of intelligence, standing on either side of Westerling's desk, awaited his decisions on certain matters which they had brought to his attention. Both were older than Westerling. Turcas by ten and Bouchard by fifteen years.

Turcas had been strongly urged in Westerling's favor, the walls were hung with the silhouettes of infantrymen, such as you see at maneuvers, in different positions of firing, crouching in shallow trenches, standing in deep trenches, or lying flat on the stomach on level earth. Another silhouette, that of an infantryman running, was peppered with white points in arms and legs and parts of the body that were not vital, to show in how many places a man may be hit with a small-caliber bullet and still survive.

He picked up the final report of observations on the late Balkan campaign, just printed in book form, glanced at it and laid it aside. Already he knew the few lessons afforded by this war "done on the cheap," with limited equipment and over bad roads. No dirigibles had been used and few planes. It was no criterion, except in the effect of the fire of the new pattern guns, for the conflict of vast masses of highly trained men against vast masses of highly trained men, with rapid transportation over good roads, complete equipment, thorough organization, backed by generous resources, in the cataclysm of two great European powers.

Rather idly, now, he drew a pad toward him and, taking up a pencil, made the figures seventeen and twenty-seven. Then he made the figures thirty-two and forty-two. He blacked them with repeated tracings and he moved. This done, he put seven

toes under twenty-seven and thirty-two under forty-two. He made the subtraction and the multiplication.

A swing door opened softly and his executive clerk reappeared with a soft tread.

"Some papers for your signature sir," he said as he slipped them on the blotter in front of Westerling. "And the 133d—no order about that, sir?" he asked.

"None. It remains!" Westerling replied.

The clerk went out impressed. His chief taking to sums of subtraction and totally preoccupied! The 133d to remain! He, too, had a question-mark in his secret mind.

Westerling proceeded with his mathematics. Having heavily shaded the tens, he essayed a sum in division. His

found that ten went into seventy just seven times.

"One-seventh the allotted span of life!" he mused. "Take off fifteen years for youth and fifteen after fifty-five—nobody counts after that, though I mean to—then you have ten into forty, which is one-fourth. That is a good deal. But it's more to a woman than to a man—yes, a lot more to a woman than to a man!"

The clerk was right in thinking Westerling preoccupied; but it was not with the international crisis. Over his coffee the name of Miss Marta Galland, in the list of arrivals at a hotel, had caught his eye in the morning paper. A note to her had brought an answer, saying that her time was limited, but she would be glad to have him call at five that afternoon.

Westerling realized that the question of marriage as a social requirement might arise when he should become officially chief of staff with the retirement of His Excellency the field-marshall. For the present he enjoyed his position as a bachelor who was the most favored man in the army too much to think of marriage.

It was a little surprising that the bell that the girl of seventeen had rung in his secret mind when he was on one of the first rounds of the ladder, now lost in the mists of a lower stratum of existence, should everinkle again. Yet he had heard its note in the tone of her prophecy with each step in his promotion; and while the other people whom he had known at La Tir were the vaguest shadows of personalities, her picture was as definite in detail as when she said: "You have the will! You have the ambition!" She had recognized in him the power that he felt; foreseen his ascent to the very apex of the pyramid. She was still unmarried, which was strange; for she had not been bad-looking and she was of an old family.

"The 133d Regiment has been ordered to South La Tir, but no order yet given for the 133d, whose place it takes," he explained.

"Let it remain for the present?" After they had withdrawn, the look that passed between Turcas and Bouchard was a pointed question. The 133d to remain at South La Tir? Was there something more than "newspaper talk" in this latest diplomatic crisis between the Grays and the Browns?

Westerling certainly cannot carry them in his pockets," remarked Turcas. "Still, we must be sure," he added thoughtfully, more to himself than to Westerling, who had already turned his attention to a document which Turcas had laid on the desk.

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"Let it remain for the present?" After they had withdrawn, the look that passed between Turcas and Bouchard was a pointed question. The 133d to remain at South La Tir? Was there something more than "newspaper talk" in this latest diplomatic crisis between the Grays and the Browns?

Westerling ran through the papers for the capital, as his car proceeded on the way to her hotel, formed an energetic accompaniment to his gratifying backward survey of how all his plans had worked out from the very day of the prophecy. Had he heard the remark of a great manufacturer to the banker at his side in a passing moment? Turcas had prepared for him. It

was there something more than "newspaper talk" in this latest diplomatic crisis between the Grays and the Browns?

He recognized the mischievous sparkle of the eyes, the quizzical turn of the lips, which was her asset in keeping any question from being personal. Nevertheless, he flushed slightly. "A change of taste," he avowed.

"Since you've become such a great man!" she hazarded. "Is that too strong?" This referred to the ten.

"No, just right!" he nodded.

He was studying her with the polite, veiled scrutiny of a man of the world. A materialist, he would look a woman over as he would a soldier when he had been a major-general making an inspection. She was slim, supple; he liked slim, supple women. Yes, she was twenty-seven, with the vivacity of seventeen retained, though she were on the edge of being an old maid according to the conventional notions. Neck and shoulders that happened to be at his side at dinner, he had found, when they were really beautiful, were not averse to his glance of appreciative and discriminating admiration of physical charm. But he saw her shrug slightly and caught a spark from her eyes that

